
The Liberalist

THE ESSENCE OF LIFE

By John Masfield

Poet Laureate of England, on Arriving in
the United States

People are too miserable to think of esthetics, too blue to buy poets' books. I have no doubt that geniuses are starving in attics all over the world right now, and they will continue to do so. The world is always opposed to new ideas, the world does its best to break its geniuses' hearts, or, failing, their heads.

But when one door shuts the spirit forces another one open. We must not be afraid of change. It is the essence of life. It may be that what we call the industrial age is coming to an end. It may take some years yet before we're out of it. But as time goes on, man does get into a better position.

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley Associate Editor

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MEDITATION

"Everlasting Love, on the threshold of this day which represents to every heart the incarnation of divine and perfect love, we would raise our hearts and our voices and mingle with the myriads of voices and hearts of all Christendom to day in the expression of our gratitude for the birthday of earth's greatest ideal.

We are glad that into the heart of a little child there has come to be written the deep significance of even maturity contacts. We are glad that in a world of grief and sorrow and consternation, and in a world that is significantly related to the collapse and failure of our choicest dreams and lives that there are moments when we go back again and stand beside a little child and all the brutalities of the maturity of life are eliminated in the loveliness of His face.

And so this morning all the world stands beside that manger cradle and we would ask that in our thought of contrasts, in the expression of our own happiness and love, our joy for life, for friends, for this church, for this city, for this nation, for this world, that out of the appreciation of the opportunities that are given to us to live life beautifully and highly in this world, shall come to us from the inspirations of the heart of a little child.

Today, wherever the influence of this service shall be extended, wherever mankind and homes are welcoming us as their Christmas guest this morning by way of the radio, wherever hearts are in touch with the eliminations of this service, may every single inspiration be vibrant with the

remedial, the reconstructive and the unifying, deifying power of love. May every fireside and every home in all this great world of ours that this morning is in the throes of the beauty of the Christmastime with the interchange of gifts, to the expressions of love, the sympathy extended to friendship, the nobility of life, everything that is identified with this great day, may it for countless myriads of the world, be significantly a day of rededication and of reaffirmation, that the solution and the secret of all of our difficulties are to be found in the loveliness and in the beauty of the simplicity of childhood.

Take away from us all of the intricate complications that surround us and may we cluster very lovingly, very tenderly by the side of this little child. To the people of whatever creed or race or color, may we forget all of the theological distinctions and demarcations in the glory and in the beauty of Love's coronation.

Infinite and divine Heart, we simply could not close our meditation this day, as we envisage all the happiness and all the joy that is abroad in homes everywhere, the gleeful shouts of little children as they open their toys and as they come to their loved ones in appreciation and gladness— Well, we cannot close without the consciousness in our hearts that perhaps there are lonely hearts today, and perhaps there are friendless lives, and perhaps there are little children that did not have a Santa Claus last night and today perhaps there is great need that is going

unmet. So we ask for a revelation that will show us where it is. May it be brought our way! May we realize that we could not enjoy all the festivities and happiness that has come into our lives if someone crosses our path that is going unheeded in their sorrow. So send them our way, may our trails meet and may we exhaust every resourcefulness for them.

Infinite Love, on this day of such happiness we must express the hope and the prayer that that great catastrophe that has settled down upon our state with all the broken homes this day of those miners, those men who are entombed now in the earth while

anxious parents and little children wait at the mouth of that mine. Somehow, we would ask that thy Love that knows neither sea nor earth, that thy Heart, as large as the Heart of the Universe, may somehow in the restoration of Love, bring peace out of tragedy, and order out of chaos.

So, with gratitude in our hearts and with love, with love to all of the ill, all who are in hospitals, all who are in penal institutions, all for whom this day is a ray of happiness, we are grateful. May we come so close to the loving heart of that Little Child that some of His loveliness and some of His beauty will motivate us in the year that is to come."

"CHRISTMAS THEN AND NOW"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, December 25th, 1932. (Stenographically Reported)

"I have entitled the sermon of the morning 'Christmas Then and Now,' for a definite purpose. First, because I did not merely want to rhapsodize in a sort of ethereal manner or sentimental way about many of the familiarities that are associated with the idealisms of the Christmas season. Any man who has the great responsibility of speaking, or writing these days, is conscious of this fact, that never perhaps in the whole history of the human race has it been more important for one who has that responsibility to take everything that resembles an ideal out of the purely speculative and imaginary field in which ideals sometimes dwell, and bring it down to the realities of human life and human association. That was my purpose in what I planned to say to you this morning in this annual Christmas sermon.

I propose to take every single, solitary ideal that we sentimentalize over at the Christmas time,

these ideals that we call peace, brotherhood, goodwill and love, the things that are embossed, engraved and written upon these little expressions of our regard for each other called 'Christmas cards,' these letters which we frequently write to our friends and loved ones,—what I propose to do this morning, in the limitations of the time which I have to do it in, is to bring all these beautiful sentimental things identified with mistletoe, candles, holly and evergreens, all of these things associated with burning candles such as we have in the pulpit this morning, and take all of these beautiful idealisms and see if we can bring them down into an actual pragmatic relationship to the life of mankind and to the affairs of the world.

This is no time for mere sentimentalizing. If the world ever had a Christmas when it needed something besides beautiful

songs and melodious speeches and rotund sermons filled with beautiful platitudes, it is this Christmas in the life of the world. This is not the time for an ethereal relationship to Christmas, then the great fact of Christmas loses its greatness in the affairs of men. What I am hoping to do this morning is to take Christmas out of the realm of the purely sentimental and the purely idealistic and bring it down to that territory of life where you and I are living and expressing ourselves in the world of today.

I could not do that without forming for myself and for you a very clear picture of the historical setting of this episode itself. I have discovered that most people in their understanding of the Christmas story and in their joy of what happened in those far off days in Bethlehem of Judea, they understand all about the songs of angels, they are familiar with the coming of the shepherds, they know about the coming of the wise men bringing their gold, frankincense and myrrh all of the beautiful romance connected with the Christmas episode. We talk about that story of the silent night so many centuries ago, when the fact of the matter is that the night was not silent at all. When we understand the historic setting in which this baby came to the world then we find the reason for talking about 'Christmas Then and Now.'

To the student of history who has watched the historical development of mankind toward the ideals of freedom, liberty and beauty, the background of the Christmas story is a very significant thing, historically. You cannot understand what the coming of this baby meant to humanity unless you know something of the universe in which that baby came.

Edward Gibbons, that great historian who wrote of the Ro-

man period as no one has ever written, 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'—he was 21 years of his life writing that book—'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'—and almost on the first page of that monumental work you will find he has this characterization, from the brilliant intellect of an unimpeachable historian; 'When that Roman-like octopus reached out and grabbed the known civilized world, two of these civilizations will never be forgotten. The first, Phoenicia, for she gave the world letters, and the next, Palestine, for she gave the world religion,' and the characterization of Edward Gibbons in this analysis of the Roman-like octopus is the beginning place for every intelligent person who desires to have a real understanding of the significance of the birthday of this baby.

Rome was mistress of the world. How did Rome become mistress of the world? Rome became mistress of the civilized world through the sheer force and power of uniting the world on the basis of economic and industrial relationships. Rome went out into the civilized world, and where she could not make her imprint and impression by mastery alone, she united the treasuries of the world. She was one of the first great organized institutions in human history to put class against class. The Roman Empire stands out as the great example of the conquest of the world on the basis of a physical unity on the strength of financial supremacy.

So when she reached out and saw the civilized provinces and nations of the world, Rome made an agreement with those nations that they would be protected in any attack against their financial securities under the legions of Rome and by the conquerors of the world, and in this union of almost purely an economic character, Rome became the mistress

of the world. In any part of the world where there was revolt or revolution against the power of Rome, then almost in a twinkling of an eye Roman soldiers with their clanking, clanking, military splendor, with their polished spears that had been polished with the blood of slaves and serfs, these legions of ancient Rome came to the defense of all whose property and money were being violated by revolt and tragedy. That is what Edward Gibbons points to the world, the supremacy of that Roman Empire, an empire built upon strength and power. It took Rome 500 years to conquer Italy, but it only took her 53 years to conquer the rest of the civilized world.

One of the provinces that were deeply enmeshed in her vast system of world economics was the province that we speak of as Syria, up there on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. The Jews were kept in bondage by this same tyranny of the Roman Empire, and that little province up there that was divided into separate provinces, Syria, Galilee and Judea, and all the rest, were beginning to find a reaction against the Roman Empire. But it did not stop them. Did not this story begin with an empire that was to enroll its citizens? For what purpose? For the purpose of taxation! Rome was built of blood money, the money of the poor, the money of the depressed, while with the increase of her treasury the poor of the empire were taxed to make a Roman festival of filth and vice in the capital of the empire. So great a historian as Gibbons tells us repeatedly of those awful, AWFUL, indescribable feasts and festivals that were furnished by the blood money of the poor. It was into a world like this that this baby was born! It was a world where his own people, his father and his mother were compelled, by Rome, to go from Nazareth, their home city where

they lived, in the Province of Galilee, to Bethlehem in Judea, for what purpose? To be taxed! To Be Taxed! Let me repeat it again, TO BE TAXED!

It was an empire of might, an empire of strength on this first Christmas of the far away then, and in this conspiracy of the empire against the poor of Galilee—let us remember this, those of you who know your history, know that the Galileans were the poorest of the poor, they were the workmen of the province. The son of this carpenter, who became a carpenter, matured in poverty, he knew slavery. Think of it, 60 million slaves the year Jesus was born! Sixty million did this great empire hold in her power. So that when it was suggested in the Roman Senate by a Roman senator that these slaves ought to be garbed in a distinctive garb to show their slavery and their status in society, when that suggestion was made in the Roman Senate, another senator, no less than Cicero, arose, and with mighty eloquence, established that argument that sixty million slaves ought not to be required to be garbed in any degree of uniforms because it would be a revelation of their numerical strength and might jeopardize the empire. It was in this sort of a world that this baby was born.

How can we merely sentimentalize about a great fact like this? Doctor Fosdick has recently told us in an imperishable sentence those two phrases that we need to understand at this time, 'Beautiful ideals versus brutal facts.' They were always face to face with that, and life is always face to face with that! Let us never forget, my friends, that it was not only angels and wise men who brought gold and frankincense and myrrh, let us not forget that it was not only shepherds, but if you knew the historical and economic character of the shepherds of far off Judea

who were taxed to the extent that they had to spend 24 hours out of every 24 on their hillside to protect their diminishing flocks from brigands and robbers from that very same empire. They were face to face not only with the songs of angels out of a sky that came to greet this baby, but were face to face with the fact that Rome was there too. The tax gatherers greeted him, the tyrants expected him, and above all the most classic example of the greatest tyrant of all was that puppet of Rome, Herod, who was upon the throne in the city of Jerusalem. Herod was **waiting** for this baby!

Don't you think for a moment at this Christmas time when we are talking about peace, good will, brotherhood and love, that these things are merely beautiful ideals, they are at the same time brutal facts that face these beautiful ideals and it is time that we took the brutality of these facts and brought them in relationship to the beauty of the ideals and march forward to bring the real Christmas spirit to mankind and not the platitudes of the churches or the ecclesiastical ecstasy of the unknown, and then they forget all about this baby and what he stood for, in the rest of the year. It is time that we brought face to face the fundamental fact of this child and what it meant to the world!

There is a passage connected with this beautiful story of the Christmas time that means very much to me. I read it in the story again and again and again and always with an increased coronation. There is one phrase and Mary kept all these things in her heart and pondered them.' What sort of a woman was the mother of this baby? We know he was poor, and when the first stirrings of this new life was felt in her heart, Mary issued that great, probably the greatest protest against Rome and everything that Rome stands for in the days

of the empire, Mary sang the Magnificat. Read the Magnificat again, it came from the heart of a woman of Galilee, a woman who had seen her friends and neighbors taxed by the tyranny of Rome, a woman who was seeing her people in slavery and bondage. And when she felt the stirring of this new life, the longing for a deliverer took possession of her heart and she gives that beautiful Magnificat. There you will find no trashy sentiments, there you will find no panacea to smooth over our own consciences by the brutality of our own selfishness! There you will find the song of a woman in revolt! There you will see poverty and the poor incarnated against the avaricious selfishness of the power of mere wealth! Mary was a great woman. Furthermore let me suggest to you that Mary did not have to go to Bethlehem at all, for under the Jewish law only the head of the house need go to register his family, the wife could stay at home. But Mary did not stay at home, Mary went pulsating and vibrating with the stirrings of a new birth and a new day. And so she gave this Christmas child to the world.

Well, Herod was waiting, and Herod always is. There is never an ideal anywhere without a force operating against that ideal to prevent its ever being pragmatically realized. Here was this baby, this ideal, for what, merely for something — O, how he had been taken in in an ecclesiastical sense! O, how we have hurt him in a theological sense! O, how we have missed him, how the world is missing this child! Herod knew what it would mean if this baby, with his ideals, could ever grow up, and so Herod started out to kill him. Let us remember at this Christmas time that this child, at his birth, was the cause, in the heart of the Roman hate, of thousands of new born babies, and every baby boy in all of the land, being slaughtered! Have

you read your Christmas story lately? Well, along side of all the other things you will find it, you will find the brutality of facts!

Herod is waiting for this baby. He knew that you could not let loose a flood of idealism in the world and preserve a thing like the Roman Empire! He knew it. So when the baby appeared, he said: 'Take me to the child that I might worship him!' Did I not read it to you? I wonder if there is any comparison between that Christmas and now? Is not the force of power and might always in competition against fraternity and love? What would happen in this old world today, Christmas day, 1932 with all Christendom shouting for joy, candles, holly, tinsel, songs, Christmas carols, everything, and why so ineffective? We forget that this baby grew up. Herod would not have been concerned about this child if he thought he was going to die in infancy, but this baby grew up and escaped him and the Roman Empire, but they caught up with him at a cross. Last evening when Mrs. Bradley and I were looking at the beautiful cross on the Palmolive building, we stopped and looked at it, a cross, and she said to me: 'It hardly seems to me that a cross belongs to the Christmas time, Christmas is a time of candles and not of crosses.' My snap judgment at the moment was to agree with her, then we talked it over and we have come to this conclusion, that the shadow of the cross was on this baby from the very beginning. It was the shadow of what power and might can do against ideals and love.

It is Christmas 1933, and the world spent seven billions of dollars on war-making during the year! Herod, are you dead? Christmas then and now! 'Joy to the world, the Lord has come, let earth receive her king, let every heart prepare him room and heaven and nature sing!' You

would not have Him, you would not. This world does not want this baby. This child came out of poverty and we always think that it is distinctive to be powerfully rich. This baby was against all the might of Rome, and we kotow to might and bow down. This child was for the poor. You don't want this baby, this modern world, you are sentimentalists. Why, if we had let this baby grow, and if we would let Him grow into our hearts, what a Christmas the world would have! This baby knew what it was to go hungry just like hundreds and hundreds today. Roman glee in her might and Roman solidarity said: 'We will kill him!' 'Let me worship him'—with his lips.

What would happen today? This is where I am putting fact against mere theory, speculation and sentiment, what would happen today if this Jesus should be alive in our city? What would happen to us if he should come now? What would he say when he would look out in a world like this? Nineteen centuries of men and you are still building on the solidarity of Roman legions! We have not learned from Herod. Herod is always against Christmas, he has never been anything else. If we are ever going to climb out on the same path that this baby took when he grew to manhood this child that electrifies and brings dynamics to all who look into his face, O, if we could let loose in the world today a flood of such idealism! A young man thirty! Don't you see he was only thirty when he could not stand the pressure of slavery any longer. Jesus was a slave and he had spent eighteen years of his life in slavery, and when he could not stand it any longer, what did he do? He did what idealism and truth always does, he went to the very center of the difficulty. Where could he go? To Jerusalem. Upon the throne of Jerusalem was the representative of

Rome and the crash started and ended civilization. If it lasts, it will only last just as long as love and beauty and goodness take precedence over greed and avarice and wealth, just that long.

Now, that is what 'Christmas Then and Now' means to me. I stand this morning beside a little cradle in that far off manger. I realize all the beauty that is associated and identified with it. I cluster up all the sentiments of my childhood and all the beauty. I see the loveliness of that little pink flesh and I listen to the chuckle and watch the rolling of those little helpless eyes. I see again the fondling of that little child by that beautiful mother. I think I see the very dreams of her life for him. I see him grow up, rise. Rome against him. I see power and might, I see it yet. If this world had ever taken Jesus seriously, poverty, crime, economic disaster and social injustice would not now be with us! But we did not, we listen to Herod. We revolt when we read in our ancient classics how they poisoned their spears. A man the other day was reciting the horrors of the pagans poisoning their spears and he said: 'There is an example of your pagan religion!' What do I say to him? The ancient pa-

gans poisoning their spears, why the significant contribution which our Christian civilization has made has been poisoned gas. What's the difference between poisoned spears and poisoned gas? The question for us to ask this morning is: Are we going to permit this baby to grow up, or are we just going to say it is a pretty baby, a lovely baby, and we love him, or are we going to watch him grow and go forth into the bivouac of the world's hate, vice, tears, with the fire of idealism in his eyes? This baby grows up and says to the rotten Roman Empire, to rotten wealth, to rotten systems, to the whole Herod tribe: 'Why you, you generations of vipers, hypocrites, who have built your security on the broken bodies of others, am I not a slave, was not my family slaves, and do I not hear the cries of your hungry children today, do I not hear the tramp, tramp of the countless thousands of your unemployed, do I not see the power of money alone to force great issues, to stifle dreams, to kill idealism!' Do you love humanity as he loved it? Remember in all the joy of Christmas that if you make it a fact in your lives you are driving the nails into a cross. That's Christmas now and then! Amen."

"MARY'S STORY LADY"

By Grace Thayer Bradley

(Part II)

Rose Clark accepted with alacrity the Sunday School Superintendent's invitation to jump into his car and let them take her home; his cheery wife laughing and saying: "Always room for one more in this chariot of the Lord,—tuck you in somehow my dear;" — to which her husband added: "it may take us some time to get there, rough going through the snow drifts, but it'll be a heap site easier than walking tonight!"

The Sunday School Christmas party had been a great success, beginning at five o'clock that afternoon. The tree seemed more gorgeous than ever,—the primary classes gowned in white choir robes had sung their songs better than any had dared hope for; Santa Claus galloping in from the kitchen, jingling a string of sleigh bells, carrying the proverbial pack on his back filled with toys for the youngest children and boxes of candy for the older

ones, was screamingly funny, with his jollity—and his rented "Santa" suit four sizes too large. But the little ones approached him with awe, seeing nothing wrong with his raggy suit or his beard and flowing locks of cotton batton.

That evenings entertainment would be long remembered—not for the sparkling tree—nor for the witty Santa Claus—nor for the music, but the last half of the program had brought the real spirit of Christmas into the hearts of young and old, when the tableaux arranged by Rose Clark illustrated the "First Christmas," with Rose herself telling the story in her rich voice—the voice that had been likened to the soft tones of a cello,—as she stood in front of the velvet drop curtain, dressed in a simple white gown, a long purple cape of soft wool stuff draping her slight form, a scarf of light orchid chiffon wound about her head and shoulders in graceful folds.

When they were going home the minister's wife said to her husband: "Oh! Why couldn't the old masters have had such a model for their madonnas? There is not one in all the Louvre that can compare with Rose as she looked tonight!"

Jumping out of the Superintendent's car Rose gathered her draperies about her and skipped lightly through the snow to the entrance of the building where she lived on the first floor.

All the way home her thoughts had turned again to the child she had become so fond of. The beautiful doll she won at the Bazaar she had put away for Mary, always hoping that on the next Saturday she would surely come back with the other children. Of late it was becoming almost an obsession, as she peered into the face of every little girl she met on the street or in the Park, hoping to see Mary smile up at her. How strange she had been unable to find her in all this time since

September — and tonight was Christmas Eve.

The wind had subsided, the snow ceased falling. Snow drifts, roofs, trees, were brilliantly white in the moonlight. With her hand on the knob, about to push open the door Rose stopped—her head lifted—listening. There was a strain of music — soft like a sigh—remote like the wind in the tree tops—now near—now far—then voices singing in exquisite harmony like a chord played on an organ — "Silent Night! — Holy Night!"—All is calm, all is bright! Round yon Virgin Mother and child, Holy Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace!" Rose held her breath in her tenseness to catch the last note as it seemed to float away in the distance. Half turning around she questioned: "Where could that have come from? — What church is near enough to possibly—Why—what—is this!" suddenly exclaiming aloud as her gaze was attracted to a corner of the entrance which had been in shadow, the moon riding high in a cold saphyre sky had at this moment filtered its silvery light through the bare trees — and shone full upon a small huddled-up figure partly covered with snow, on the doorstep. "Mary! why—darling—" [Rose was saying, alarm mixed with excitement, as she gathered up the sleeping child in her arms.

Someone was coming out—the door opened — and a tall man stood in the entrance, his hand still on the door knob; it was only a few seconds but he would remember as long as he lived the scene—more beautiful than any painting, which held him immobile as he beheld in the circle of moonlight — a slight woman in long purple drapery, a child in her arms, her head bent close to the little ones, looking intently into the upturned face—both of them white as alabaster in the light of the winter moon

In a moment he reached her side saying: "Let me carry her for you—" in the kindest voice possible, but with a quality accustomed to being obeyed. "Yes—please do." Rose gave Mary into his arms and hurriedly opened the doors with her key, switching on the lights as she led the way into the living room.

Mary was laid on the couch. Rose sank to her knees beside her, saying anxiously—"Oh I am afraid she is frozen, — how else could she be — goodness knows how long she has been on that doorstep! Please telephone for a doctor—quickly!" She was kissing Mary's cheek and caressing the curls clustered on the fair brow, the little red cap had fallen to the floor.

"I am a physician—Dr. Craig of the Bellevue hospital. I was calling upon your neighbor Mrs. Wilson on the third floor, where a fine seven pound boy arrived this evening. Please allow me—" Rose looked up at him quickly, "Why of course" she said "I should have known—altho' I've only met you once, I have seen you many times! I am Rose Clark!" The Doctor had removed his overcoat and was hastily taking off Mary's shoes and stockings. "We will remove her cold clothes and wrap her in a blanket — please Miss Clark. She is not frozen, but — of course there is danger from exposure. See here — by Jove, is it possible—this is the Christmas rose? Why this is my little friend!" "Then—do you know Mary?" questioned Rose in surprise. He was holding Mary's little hand in his trying to disengage her fingers from the rose stem she held so tightly, the rose, waxen white, the petals pink tipped, as fresh as tho it had just been picked. "I should say I do! This dear child was brought to my feet in a cloud of snow swirling through the park this afternoon. I brought her to the corner in my car—she said she was coming to see her Story Lady,

and was bringing her this Christmas rose."

To their amazement at this moment Mary's eyes opened very wide, and looking into the lovely face bending over her, she said very softly. "I found you, didn't I? And I can stay always—'cause — her lips quivering — aunt Myra said there isn't—room for me—any longer, an' I must go—to the Home—" "Darling, whispered Rose, a break in her voice? "don't worry about anything tonight. You shall stay with your Story Lady—always—if I can arrange it with your uncle;—and now I am going to get you some warm cocoa." Rose tossed her cape into a chair, not having thought of it before, and went to the kitchen. The doctor coughed huskily as he turned to get the stethoscope from his satchel.

Two hours later as he drew on his fur coat he noticed in the sun parlor a Christmas tree with many packages heaped under it. A deep sense of loneliness welled in his heart. Turning to Rose he said: "I see you are ready for Santa Claus,—have you a family?" "Oh no,—I am alone,—but the children that usually spend Saturday mornings with me, are coming tomorrow afternoon for a little party—How glad they will be to see Mary, for they all love her. And Doctor —walking to the door with him—" "I would be glad if you dropped in tomorrow just to be certain Mary is as perfectly well as you pronounce her tonight,—You will come?" She questioned anxiously looking up into his face—something she read there made her lower her eyes. "Thank you for asking me,—I intended—to—come." he replied taking her hand for a brief moment, and was gone. Rose did not realize she stood for several minutes smiling at the closed door!

* * * * *

Dr. Craig sat in a deep chair at one side of the fireplace Christ-

mas afternoon drinking in the exquisite beauty of the picture opposite him. A floor lamp back of Rose's low chair cast an amber glow over her, burnishing the glint in her auburn hair, and touching up the high lights in her gold-colored gown.

The children—ten of them—sat on the floor, each with a huge ball of popcorn. The logs in the fireplace crackled and blazed cheerily, sending star-like sparks up the chimney. Tall red candles burned on the high mantleshef. The doctor had taken little note of the story being told, so intent had he been in watching the children's faces as they munched their popcorn balls. A great deal of the time his eyes rested on the Story Lady,—her graceful hands—and the contour of her head—the curve of her lips as she talked, the tiny dimple in her cheek. Little Mary standing beside her was asking almost inaudibly: "Did you say there was no—room—at the Inn—for the Little Lord Jesus?" Without replying Rose placed a loving arm around the little girl and drew her closer to her. The story continued and the Doctor became interested. The little shepherd maiden had watched the Wise Men go in with presents for the Christ Child, but she had no gift to bring Him, for she was very poor. She longed so to see the wonderful Babe in the manger, and she had searched all day for even a little flower that she might offer as a gift, but she could find neither leaf nor blossom, for the winter was very cold. And so the shepherd maiden stood outside the door weeping and an Angel came and stood beside her, knowing why she wept. Then the Angel stooped and brushed away the snow from her feet, and there instantly sprang up the most beautiful waxen white roses, with dainty pink-tipped petals, like the pink of sunrise kissing a cloud. The little girl looked up in joy, but before she could say a word, the

Angel spoke: "Gold and Myrrh and frankincense are not better to give to the Christ Child than these pure roses, and they shall evermore be called Christmas roses." Then the Angel disappeared. Joyfully the little shepherd maiden gathered the roses and took them in quietly and placed them beside the Babe in the manger. And the Mother of the Babe pressed a kiss on her forehead, and the little maiden was exceedingly happy.

The room was very quiet as the story was finished. Rose whispered to Mary, and the little girl ran on her toes, swiftly, noiselessly, to the next room and brought back a silver vase holding a waxen white rose. The Story Lady told the children it was a Christmas rose.

While the children clustered around Mary, each wanting to look at the beautiful flower, the Doctor leaned toward Rose and said earnestly "Lovely Lady—your story was beautiful—but—I would like to tell you the story of a very lonely wayfarer who was led by a little child to find not only a Christmas rose—but something of infinitely greater beauty and joy,—the spirit of the Rose! May I tell you the story—sometime—soon?" Rose, looking into his eyes, saw there all the sympathy, tenderness, understanding,—that had endeared him to children—men—aged—all to whom he administered—and she saw more than any patient had ever seen! And she felt that she had known him always!—Impulsively Rose held out her hand to him not realizing that she did so, saying: "Yes—tell me the story—very soon."—The Doctor pressed a kiss on her slender fingers and said in a low tone, reaching only her ear,—“The story of Mary's Lovely Lady—and my Christmas—Rose!”

Every life is a profession of faith, and exercises an inevitable and silent influence.

The Woman's Club

The morning of December 19th, the meeting of the Woman's Club in Channing Hall was in the order of a Christmas celebration.

Carols were sung and some appropriate and lovely readings were given by Mrs. Gertrude Needham, chairman of Drama. The spirit of the day was further upheld by each member bringing a ten cent gift, ribboned and tagged as tho costly; these were heaped on the platform, and each person having received a number upon entering, responded when her number was called, went forward and chose a package. It is surprising what 10 cents will buy now-a-days! Santa Claus also provided a treat in ice cream and cake added to our usual sandwich and coffee luncheon. It is not difficult to guess who our Santa Claus was!

All the members brought donations for the baskets that were to be packed for the needy. Mrs. Hermsdorf, our president, told about receiving a phone call a few days previous, from Mrs. Blazier, principal of the Lydon School at 3458 Osketo Avenue. Mrs. Blazier was very unhappy to think the kindergarten and 1st and 2nd grades would not receive their little bags of Christmas candy this year. In desperation she thought she would ask Mrs. Hermsdorf if by any possibility our club would like to play Santa Claus to these children. Mrs. Hermsdorf consulted her board, and it was decided to purchase the desired number of boxes and hard candy sufficient to fill them.

We have all felt a special interest in the Lydon school ever since our president with a heart big enough to take in all the kiddies in the world—gave so much of her time and strength to bring about improved conditions at Lydon summer before last. Those children in that district of almost entirely unemployed adults, needed milk,—needed food—need-

ed clothes, and needed more room for the over crowded school.

After many meetings with those in authority, Mrs. Hermsdorf succeeded in having a kitchen provided, that is they were given a portable house with permission to make it into a kitchen. Mr. Hermsdorf, always close on the heels of his generous wife, became interested and provided a range and had it connected up. A group of women made attractive curtains for the windows, and furnished utensils and dishes; the Board of Education furnished provisions, and the mothers of pupils took turns cooking and serving—thus last year the children at Lydon had a hot nourishing meal at noon each day. Clothing was sent out there; milk was paid for from several clubs, and a number of portable buildings were added to the school. The children at Lydon improved in health, in appearance and in their school work.

Last summer some of our club members made many little dresses, blouses and pants from materials furnished by the "Emergency Welfare Committee." So when school opened in September the children had clean, pretty, little clothes to wear. Alas—funds have shrunk in all directions, city—Board of Education, Women's Clubs—Emergency Relief—and individually so that this winter finds the kitchen at Lydon closed, and at Christmas not even little bags of candy to bring gladness to the kiddies hearts. Hence the phone call from Mrs. Blazier, and the outcome—342 pretty little boxes which our members filled with hard candy. After the close of the program, sitting around long tables they worked like a candy factory. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Logeman and Mrs. Hermsdorf took the candy to Lydon where they were received most happily by Mrs. Blazier. Some of the older boys helped

carry in the boxes to the principal's office there to await Santa in the afternoon when the children would sing songs and give readings for their Christmas Party. What sorry little hearts there would have been had there been no Christmas candy for Santa to give them. For most of them that was all the Christmas they would have.

It is surprising to see such a large school—twenty-four portable buildings, housing in all 1300 children and thirty teachers. There not being room enough, two classes a day are held in some of the rooms.

The kindergarten department was specially interesting. We were happy to see the children so neatly dressed thanks to the "Emergency Welfare Fund." But the children looked pale and undernourished. The teachers told us the Board of Education has not money even to provide sufficient and proper material for the kindergarten work. Our club is going to send colored tissue paper, odd bits of worsted, Christmas cards which they can cut and make scrap books of, anything they can use for that sort of work. There is also a class of subnormal children, who were busy making straw baskets, to take home to their mothers for Christmas.

Mrs. Blazier is doing a splendid work at Lydon, and is aflame with enthusiasm and interest in these children under her care. Oh! how happy she would be to receive materials for the kindergarten work if anyone sent them! It is in this department making pretty little things of paper and wood, paste and paint, the children begin their first lessons in Nature Study, in color and form, in patience and neatness and artistic decoration as well as many other fundamentals.

What a tremendous pity it is that any schools have to suffer for lack of funds!

A. L. and G. B.

Pastor's Calendar

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of December:

- 1—Address, Rogers Park Woman's Club
- 2—Address, Hyde Park Forum
- 4—Two Sermons, People's Church
- 5—Address, Woman's Club
- 5—Address, Jefferson Park Boy Builders
- 6—Address, Edgemere Woman's Club
- 6—Address, Renaissance Club
- 7—Address, Uptown Players
- 9—Address, P.-T. A.
- 11—Two Sermons, People's Church
- 12—Address, American Legion
- 12—Trustees Meeting, Public Library
- 13—Address, Peoples Church
- 14—Address, Garden Home Woman's Club
- 15—Address, Hotel Sherman
- 15—Address, North End Men's Club
- 16—Address, Grand Avenue Congregational Church, Milwaukee
- 18—Two Sermons, People's Church
- 20—Address, Fullerton Hall
- 21—Address, Radio WBBM
- 21—Address, Church School
- 21—Address, Medinah Temple
- 22—Board Meeting, People's Church
- 23—Address, Peoples Church
- 25—Two Sermons, People's Church
- 26—Candlelight Service, Peoples Church
- 27—Chicago Rotary Club
- 29—Linden, Michigan
- 30—Linden, Michigan
- 31—Home.

FUNERALS

December

- 3—Mrs. Henrietta Seligman, Interment, Rosehill
- 8—Mrs. Burton Harvey, Interment, Will County

- 0—Mrs. Thon, Interment, Oak-woods
- 0—Mrs. George Adams, Interment, Mt. Emblem
- 4—Mrs. Keyes, Interment, Rosehill
- 4—Edwin Otto Schildhauer, Interment, Oak Ridge
- 5—Mrs. Simpson, Interment, Rosehill
- 9—Mr. Jacob Born, Interment, Montrose
- 4—Mrs. Jane Gunderson, Interment, Ridgewood
- 2—Mr. Lavinus C. Gage, Interment, Graceland
- 3—Mr. Orville Brewer, Interment, Greenwoods
- 3—Mrs. George Beman, Interment, Mt. Hope.

WEDDINGS

December

- 3—Stewart W. Gestfeld and Marjorie McNair Nair
- 3—Charles H. Frey and Christine Heggerson
- 0—William C. Devilbiss and Alice A. Kennedy
- 1—James C. Maxwell and Caroline Funkhauser.

The Uptown Players

Only a short time ago, in the pages of this magazine, we were looking forward to our 1932 season, and now, only a short time after, we are already in our 1933 half, of our season of dramatic activity. There is an old Latin proverb; "Ars longa, vita brevis," which applies itself neatly to the work we have done in 1932 and are about to do in 1933. "Time for life, if you will, is short, but art, when done well, lives a long time."

The venture that shall live a long time in the memory of the Uptown Players, and those of our patrons who saw it, is Mr. James Bradley-Griffin's original three act play: "In The Crowd," which we produced and presented at the Goodman Theatre on the nights of December 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1932. The quiet beauty and sub-

dued splendor of the theatre itself, was a fitting background for the sweep and color of the prologue and epilogue, of Mr. Griffin's play, reproducing in all its glamour a street cafe in Paris and the attendant multitudes gathered there. The play itself was well accepted by the more than one thousand people who saw it, and the venture as a whole was one of great interest in the history of the Uptown Players. That we changed our locale, added to our admission price and necessarily to our production costs, were all vital items we had to consider, and all items which were met, for which we are deeply grateful. Following Mr. Griffin's play, came our December tea, at which Mr. Marshall of the players presented a stylized comedy from the eighteenth century, provoking many a twentieth century laugh. Then on the Friday before Christmas, following our custom of many years, we gave a Christmas play in the auditorium of the church as a part of the Candle Light Service, repeating the performance on the following Monday night. This, as is also the custom, was played to packed and enthusiastic audiences. Thus the 1932 part of our season closed, marked as it was by new adventures in that always adventurous field; the drama.

We are starting our 1933 season with a mixture of comedy and tragedy. The tragedy we are offering in only a small dose, feeling as we do, that the depth of tragedy is often heightening to the onlooker, and it is always an incentive to true art. This bit of tragedy was our January tea play; "War Bride" produced and acted in all its realism, and its universal truth. All was not sad however, for there was music to lighten the heart, chatter to loosen the tongues, and tea and cake to gladden the stomach. A good combination with which to begin any new year. On January 24th, 25th and 26th, laugh-

ter again held sway, in our three act production; "The Best People" a comedy that employs the tried and true laugh provokers; chorus girls, spendthrift sons, snobbish mothers, foppish lords, night clubs and drawing rooms, all mixed up in a bright and snappy farce. Witnessing that play we feel certain that if you do not think life is earnest, you will at least agree that it is very gay. Laughter is one's best friend, and most potent medicine. If we can make you laugh, we feel that we have at least started your year brightly. Don't fail to come to our next play; "The Devil Passes" which will be given in Channing Hall, in The Peoples Church sometime in March, the date to be announced later. Tickets have again reverted to their former low price and are only 50 cents each. Invest half a dollar for a whole evening of fun. You'll be glad you did.

H. R.

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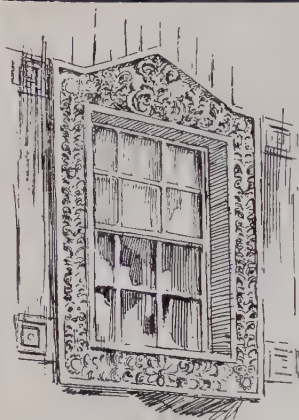
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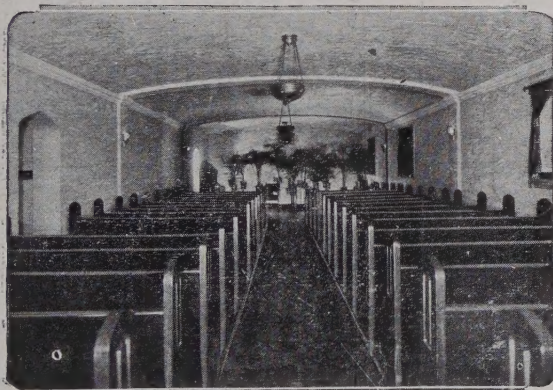
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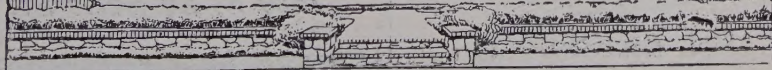
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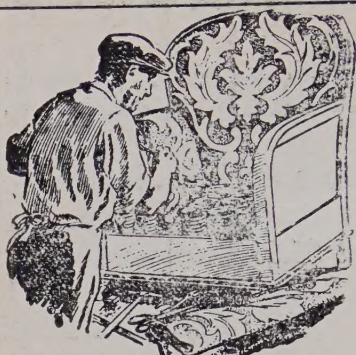
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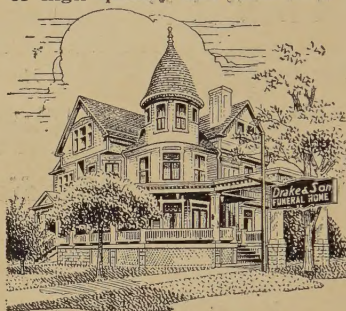
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